

# Oxford Democrat.

No. 51, Volume 7, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, April 25, 1848.

Old Series, No. 9, Volume 17.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,  
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY  
G. W. MALLIN,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE STORY TELLER.

From the Mother's Assistant.

"Saw Up and Saw Down."

BY MRS. HELEN C. KNIGHT.

"We must have some new furniture, and that soon," said a gentleman, taking a leisurely survey of the parlors, one morning, tooth prick in hand. "I have been looking at our cousin Madison's—very fine, theirs; really, ours begins to look shabby, arkish!"

"How, father?" asked one of the three boys who followed him in the survey.

"Arkish, my son; it looks as if it were from the ark; quite out of date; we must have new."

"Not for the present, my dear," observed a lady, rising from the breakfast table, and following on; "this will answer for some time to come; it is hardly ten years old, and you know how handsome it was considered then."

"Yes, and do you remember how chicken-hearted you were—afraid it was beyond our means?" said the gentleman, chuckling; "but it looks old now—out of date, at least—beside our cousin Madison's."

"Why make any one our standard?" asked the wife. "Look at these three boys to provide for, as she putted Phil's early pate."

"Ah, we'll look out for them—time enough for that," he replied, as he complacently surveyed them. "But we must not be too snug; money is due to our station," upon which he drew himself up, a little pompously perhaps.

"Yes, to support it with sufficient economy to lay up something for rainy days."

"Your rainy days, Jane! the weather will take care of itself," he said, good-naturedly, going out of the room; then thrusting his head into the door, added, "I'll send the porter up with those things, if he is not too busy."

"Let the boys go, my dear," bellowed the lady; there are Madison and Philip, who would give all the world for something to do."

"Yes, mother! yes, mother! let us go!" shouted the two.

"No, no; let the porter do those things; cousin Madison's boys—"

"Must not be patterns for ours," playfully interrupted the wife, placing her hand on his mouth.

"Do you think it best for the boys to go? they can't bring it."

"Yes, farther, yes! let us try! there's nothing like trying, mother says," eagerly declared the two.

"I see mother is for your working; well, perhaps it is best, under all circumstances. Come with me," and so from his handsome parlors departed Mr. Philip K. my father, a rich merchant as the world reputed him, with his two eldest, Philip and Madison—pale, slender boys often and eight years.

Some time passes away; and although the subject of new furniture was frequently brought up, and cousin Madison Jones's sufficiently commented upon, yet my mother never cordially assented to its being bought; not needing it, to her, was synonymous with not buying it.

At length, a few days before Thanksgiving, a rocking-chair, in the newest and easiest style of twenty-five years ago, entered the front door, the precursor of a handsome set of furniture for the parlors. Our mother looked at it somewhat ungraciously, and drowned our exclamations by her silence. At dinner when our father appeared, he threw himself into the new rocking-chair, saying, "Ah! Jane, this is just what I want this minute. I am shockingly tired."

We looked at him, and there was a strange paleness about his mouth. "Is it not easy?" he asked, resting his head back, and looking into my mother's face as if her full coincidence of opinion were only needed to complete his enjoyment. She smiled pleasantly, then pressed her hand upon his forehead. "I fear you are not well," she said tenderly; your head is very hot."

My father was not well; he soon entered his chamber, and the next day, and next, and next, grew more sick. The three weeks that succeeded I shall never forget; dreary, dreary, dreary, to me, the invalid boy, for I was deprived of my mother's care and presence, always so necessary to me before. How keenly did I feel that nobody was like my mother—never having been able to engage in the active pursuits of my brothers. To sit by her side, with my little slate or picture-book, was my chief delight. Sometimes I threaded her needle, or cut off an end, or sewed on patch-work, thankful for the little help I might afford her. Now I was in the nursery, almost alone; my brothers occasionally came to amuse me; but child as I was, I saw that their hearts were not there; they were thinking of sleds and snow-balls—Nancy was kind, but somehow Nancy had a

world to do when I begged a story, or my squares wanted basting. You see I have not forgot the technicalities of sewing, despite the love of the musty law-books which lined my office.

Three weary weeks—weeks of anxiety and painful solitude, and faithful devotion on my mother's part, at the sick bed—but alas! skill, or medicine, or nursing, or prayer, availed nothing. My father was sinking! Madison and Philip were suffered to roam at large—a freedom which they enjoyed to the fullest extent.

The servants went about on tiptoe, and whispered one to another. The doctor came often. Strange faces appeared now and then in the entry. I was left to take care of myself, until Nancy put me into the parlor, and bade me be a good boy. Soon a gentleman came in, and kindly taking me from the carpet, where I had sorrowfully laid down, placed me upon his knees, calling me "his poor little boy." Cousin Madison Jones entered, and he, so tall and big who never spoke to little children, patted me on the arm, saying, "Ah! poor little fellow; can't realize it—no, no!" and then he suffered me to take in my own hand his cane—his Brazilian cane, with a dog's head carved upon the top; the cane which he had forbidden me even to touch. The cane pleased me but for a moment; then I looked up into their faces to learn wherefore this tenderness. I felt it meant something, a sad something, and instinctively called for my mother.

"Poor little fellow, your mother can't come to you," said the gentleman, gently laying my hand upon his bosom.

"I wish I could see my mother," I whispered, with a choking in my throat.

"Your mother, child! no! Don't ask for your mother; she don't want to see you," declared Mr. Madison Jones, stopping in his walk across the room, with a stern and chilling look. Notwithstanding the choking in the throat, and a blur on the eyes, I resolutely rubbed my little thin hands across my eyes, and said rapidly to myself, "I must try to be a man mother says; I must not cry—no, Johnny must not cry!" It was a hard struggle, but Johnny did not cry; he laid patiently and sorrowfully in the gentleman's arms.

That night Nancy undressed and put me in my trundle-bed scarcely speaking, nor did she stop to hear my prayers, nor did mother come in to give me my good night kiss, as she always had. What fears filled my little bosom! I was awed and frightened by the strange stillness of everything and every body. I tossed restlessly about. I talked aloud to keep myself company. I said my prayers over and over again, to comfort my heart and keep up my courage. When at last, it seemed as if my mother even had forsaken me, I kept up my stout heart by whispering, "Jesus loves little children, he does—mother says so. I am sure he does; mother read it to me."

What a world of authority in "mother says so!" Oh! mothers, say careful and judicious things, for your words never die.

Falling asleep, I dreamed of rolling off my bed—that I was tied up in a log of my drawers, and somebody was going to dash me in pieces. With my heart aching, and ready to break, I awoke. Silent—everything silent. "I will find my mother," was the heroic, half-waking resolution; as I tumbled out of bed, with my poor lame foot. My father's door was reached beyond the long, dark entry, and I crept in through the half-open door. By the pale lamp light, I could see no one but a strange man on the bed-side. My heart fell; then I pushed a little further in; on the other side of the bed sat the dear object of my night search. "My mother! My mother! I did not cry to you; but my heart beat with delight. Softly I moved towards her. She sat down, with her face bent over the pillow; there was white all about, and her face was very white too. She neither heard nor heeded me, but I had found her, reached her chair, and was actually holding on the rounds, when I heard a strange noise, a groan, a deep hard breathing, which frightened me. "It's all over," whispered the man.

My mother's head dropped upon the pillow, and she sobbed in agony. It was the chamber of death. I clung to her knee; "Mother dear mother!" I whispered, something between joy and sorrow and terror; do let me stay by you!" She looked around, then taking me up, clasped me convulsively to her bosom, while her tears scalded my cheek.

"My poor fatherless boy! Oh God! thy will be done!" she exclaimed, as she laid her cold, wet cheek upon my forehead. "Dear, dear mother, I love you, was all that I knew of the language of comfort. Then, when exhausted and sinking under the weight of grief and weariness, they put her to bed, and would take me from her, I prayed them to let me lie by her side. "I would be still, I would not breathe." "Let the child come," she said to those who thrust me back into the trundle bed. She opened her arms, and I nestled close into her bosom, showing my sympathies by kissing her night-gown, when I could not approach her face without disturbing her, and by grasping her arm, and ejaculating, "Mother, dear mother! Amid her tears and broken prayers I fell asleep. I have always thought, since that painful and dreadful night, a tie seems to link me to my mother un-

like my brothers, nearer and dearer. My heart, little though it was, had beat close to hers in its darkest hour.

Sad days followed—sad to my mother, sad to my brothers, as they began to realize in the funeral pomp and procession the afflictions which had befallen them; not sadder to me than the days I lived alone in the nursery. Now, I could sit by her side, and look, when I would, up into her pale, sad face.

"You have a great responsibility, certainly—the bringing up of your three boys," said a friend who came to pay my mother a visit of sympathy; "but it is not as though you had not enough to do with, contrasting the luxuries about us with her own narrow home."

"I do not know how that will be," answered my mother, with a sigh—a prophetic sigh it proved to be.

The next painful scene hastened on—an examination of my father's affairs, and settling his estate. "No will was discovered, nor was his reason granted long enough to say anything regarding a future provision for his family. On the last night it was said he attempted to speak, and looked with unutterable sorrow upon my mother; but what laid upon his mind his lips in vain tried to reveal.

It was not long before Mr. Madison Jones, who administered on the estate, began to utter short and significant growls, that "things were no better than they should be; that it was just as he always said; Philip lived too fast; yes, he knew from the first how it would be; his family would be left poor—left to come upon their friends." Cousin Madison was famous for foreseeing results when they appeared; it is not every one who is thus gifted.

At last it came out naked enough that my father was a bankrupt. We were poor absolutely poor, but from a small sum belonging to my mother, and secured to her in marriage contract. His interests had never been touched, and so it amounted to something, but little enough upon which to bring up three boys. Rich relations we had but one, Mr. Madison Jones, and he only a cousin, who prided himself upon his money and valued other people by the same standard.

And now what was my mother to do? The moment she ascertained the actual state of things she began to act. Would she open a boarding-house—that gentle and uncertain alternative for poor gentlemen? If possible, no; her time must be given to her boys.

Did she move into the quarters of that small tenement in a back street, behind cousin Madison's, and take in sewing, letting her eldest live half of his time at his namesake's and sending the youngest to his grandfather's; or could she not so manage as to keep them all with her?

"That neighborhood is so bad for the boys; and besides there is no yard for them to work in," argued my mother.

"A yard! what do you want a yard for?" asked cousin Madison, testily.

"Then they can play a great deal with our boys, and often take their meals with us; every little helps," added Mrs. Cousin Madison. My mother thanked her, but inwardly begged to be excused from too great an amalgamation of the boys. She said she would take time to think, and endeavor to place herself in a situation for the best good of her sons.

Behold us, then, in four months time, at home in a village, five miles from—, a village of which my mother knew very little, except its neat, well-ordered appearance, and its excellent clergyman. A cottage presents too many poetical associations to indicate truly our new dwelling. It was a simple one-story house that had been yellow—somewhat unprepossessing without, perhaps, but within it had two nice chambers in the attic, a pleasant sitting room, bed room and kitchen. Its chief attraction to my mother was a small barn and a large yard, a part of which behind the house seemed to have been the remains of a garden by some early occupant; struggling current bushes were discovered among the grass, and some stunted gooseberries in the corners. A small farm was on one side, and Mr. Giles's great hay-field on the other; the sparks and coals of a blacksmith's shop opposite, the blue sky above us, with the sun rising and the sun setting all in sight, and green pastures almost within a stone's throw.

We were sorely settled, when Mr. Madison Jones and a gentleman rode out to see us. My mother was absent, but soon to return. Mean while they surveyed the premises; then coming in, they sat down. I was in my little chair, surrounded with playthings. Regarding me as a plaything, too, they talked freely.

"This big yard! what's it for?"

"Better taken snug little rooms in town," joined his companion.

"She says it is for the boys. What do they want of a big yard? They take care of it! They work! I never found boys good for anything yet. There are my four boys; of what use are they to me! All they want is to be waited upon. She has missed it, or I am mistaken; but women must have their own way—Women have no judgment!" So commented our cousin Mr. Madison Jones, unheeding the little lame boy, who devoured every word he said.

My-and-by my mother appeared. Cousin Madison's opinions were not long concealed. "That big yard Jane! that's going to be a trouble to you. What in the name of common sense is it for?"

"For the boys," she answered, as undisturbed as possible. "You see the part which runs behind the house was a garden once. I hope to have it a garden again, as it will employ the boys."

"Employ the money, Jane! It will be nothing but expense; gardens cost, Jane. What can boys do? Depend upon it, you won't get much work out of them. Look at mine! I dare say she did, as I venture to say she had many times before, which fortified her in her present position."

We had been at our new home quite a fortnight, when our eldest came to us. He had been at Mr. Madison Jones's nearly ever since our father's death, somewhat against my mother's better judgment, which unavoidable circumstances seemed for a time to control. It was a chilly April twilight when he arrived. My mother ran to welcome him, and "Oh! Mad-dy! Mad-dy!" shouted forth my lips; but Mad-dy walked unmoved in, and planting himself back to the fire, and his cap in his hand, took his first impression. Our little sitting-room certainly looked the picture of comfort; a neat book-case reflected a bright blaze from the opposite side of the room—a table with a green cloth occupied the centre—and a few valuables, rescued from the sale, adorned the room. Madison did not seem to know whether to suffer himself to be pleased or not.

"Where is Philip?" he at length asked. A stirring step was heard in the back entry, upon which Philip opened the door with a log in his hand. "Finished, mother! finished the pile—Oh! Mad-dy!" he exclaimed with unexpected delight.

"Finished what?" asked the eldest, with some indications of interest.

"Finished splitting and piling my wood," answered Phil.

"Do you split and pile?"

"Yes, I hope so," answered Phil, as if he had always done it.

"I shan't," declared Madison, with an ungraciousness altogether uncalculated for.

"Then you don't belong to our hire," said Philip, stoutly, as he laid on the log.

"You may go back to Mr. Jones's." My mother was preparing tea. "I shan't like here, I know I shan't," said Madison again, after a pause; "it is not a bit like cousin Madison's or our other house. Cousin Madison don't like it either."

"I like it," said Philip, because it has a barn, and such a big yard; and perhaps we shall have a cow some time or other."

"Yes, a beautiful bossy," said I, just like Mr. Giles's."

"Who will take care of it?" asked Madison.

"You or I," said Phil, "one of us."

"I shan't," declared Madison. "Mr. Jones's boys don't have to work. Mr. Jones says it is high time to work when we are men, that we must take all the pleasure we can, when we are young; frolic and have good times." My mother looked anxiously, but still said nothing—Philip and I, were conscious of being damped, decidedly so. At supper, Madison wished he had a taste of bread and milk, he thought people in the country always had bread and milk.

"When we have a cow, we can have a plenty," said Phil.

"And when will that be?" asked Madison, petulantly.

"Just as soon as my sons can earn one," answered my mother. "You know that whatever we get, we must earn with our own hands now. When shall you earn a cow boy's?" she asked, in an enquiring tone, just as if we could have tried.

"Ask Mr. Jones to give us one," said Madison. "We don't want any one to help us, when we can help ourselves, mother says," cried Philip, and mother we'll try and earn a cow; get it our very selves," upon which his black eyes sparkled with interest, in contemplation of the effort.

That evening, for the first time since my father's death, did he collect her family about her, without the absence of one member, or the intrusion of a visitor. She began to speak of it, but her voice grew husky, and I saw a glimmer in her eyes. Instinctively my hand was with her. Then she turned over the leaves of the great Bible, and arose to go to another part of the room. She came back calmed. "My sons," she said, cheerfully, "we have a dear little home here, and it will be a very happy home, if you all strive to do your part to make it so; yes, and you must help support it too; you have all something to do; little by little, day by day, use your hands to work out some good and useful ends, for your mother and for each other; are you not ready to?" she asked inspiringly, and looked at each of us with her large earnest eyes.

Yes, mother, responded Philip, quickly, yes, mother, we have got to do, haven't we?"

"To do and never flinch," said our mother with great emphasis; never fall back, never grumble, never regret, when your duty is plain before you boys?"

"But when it is hard?" said Madison looking down at his feet.

"Have more courage, then, must we not mother? I always remember you told me so a great while ago, when I went to school in a snow-storm," said Philip, looking up, with fire in his eyes; "you

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"I like it," said Philip, because it has a barn, and such a big yard; and perhaps we shall have a







**A**t a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the eleventh day of April, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-eight.

**I**N the Petition of BETSEY CHASE, Widow of ENOCH CHASE, late of Dixfield said county, deceased, praying that Commissioners may be appointed to set out her Dower out of the real estate of said deceased—

It was Ordered, That the said Widow give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the London and Westminster Gazette, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the fourth Tuesday of May next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

50                  GEO. K. SHAW, Registrar.  
A true Copy—Attest: GEO. K. SHAW, Registrar.

**A**t a Court of Probate, held at Paris within and for the county of Oxford, on the eleventh day of April, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-eight.

**I**N the Petition of ELIZABETH PUTNAM, Widow of OLIVER PUTNAM, late of Dixfield said county, deceased, praying for allowance out of the personal property of her late husband and also that Commissioners may be appointed to set out her Dower out of the real estate of said deceased—

It was Ordered, that the said Widow give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the London and Westminster Gazette, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate court to be held at Paris in said county, on the fourth Tuesday of May next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any

60  
 A true Copy—Attest: GEO. K. SHAW, Register.  
 At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford on the eleventh day of April, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-eight:  
**ON** the petition of ABRAHAM LEAVITT, Widow of JOHN LEAVITT, deceased, praying for an allowance in part of the personal property of her late husband, and also that Commissioners may be appointed to set out her Dower out of the same, according to Statute.  
 It was Ordered, that the said WIDOW give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published in the Oxford Gazette, successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris on the fourth Tuesday of May next, at ten of the clock, in the forenoon, and shew cause, if they have, why the same should not be granted.  
 60  
 GEO. K. SHAW, Register.  
 A true copy—Attest: GEO. K. SHAW, Register.  
**T**HE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed to administer himself the late of Administrator of the Estate of  
 HUBBARD CARTER, late of Tryonburg, in said County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond in law directions—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to  
 MOSES HUTCHINS, Jr.  
 April 11, 1848. 60

**T**he subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator of the Estate of

**JOHN C. FARRINGTON**, late of Lovell, in said county, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

**JONAS S. FARRINGTON**,  
Lovell, April 11, 1848. 60

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**FOR SALE,**

**100 M. SPRUCE SHINGLES**, cheap for cash.

**HUBBARD & STEVENS.**  
Paris, April 25, 1848. 5961

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**Food for the Silk Worm.**

**MORUS MULTICAULIS**, or the Mulberry Tree, for sale—either the tree or slips—Now is the time to propagate this valuable tree. The kind here recommended resists cold, and endures winters as well as the apple tree. Slips \$75 per hundred. Orders promptly attended to. Apply at this Office. April 15, 1848. 59

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**Freedom Notice.**

**T**HIS may certify that I, **JAMES WILBURN**, of Bethel in the County of Oxford, do this day give my son, **JAMES WILBURN**, his time to act for himself, and to receive the amount of his earnings, nor pay any debts of his contracting after this date.

Attest—HENRY BOWEN,  
Notary, April 16, 1848.

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**ISAIAH KNIGHT,**  
DEALER IN  
Stoves, and Manufacturer of Tin,  
Copper and Sheet Iron Ware,  
**SOUTH PARIS, ME.**

**A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF STOVES,**  
FUNNEL, and WARES, of the most perfect  
manufacture, and WARRANTED, constantly kept on  
hand, which will be sold at *low* as can be purchased  
elsewhere.

**G<sup>o</sup>** Any pattern of Stove not on hand when called  
for may be obtained by first term, if desired.  
April 11, 1848. 15

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**THOMAS H. KELLEYS,**  
FASHIONABLE TAILOR,  
Norway Village

**G**RATEFULLY tenders his thanks to patrons  
and friends for their liberal patronage  
heretofore, and respectfully invites a continuance.  
He has just received the Boston, New York, and  
Philadelphia

**SPRING & SUMMER FASHIONS,**  
together with a prime stock of CLOTHS, KERSEY-  
MEREL, VESTINGS, &c., of all kinds and descrip-  
tion. He trusts that all his customers with any  
taste for a garment they may want, on as liberal  
terms, and in a more fashionable style, than can  
be elsewhere be obtained in the County of Oxford

**WANTED IMMEDIATELY,**  
FOUR or FIVE TAILORSESSES, to whom the  
highest wages will be paid.  
Also—Three or four Apprentices Girls to learn the  
trade. [April 9, 1845.] 17 40

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**SPECTACLES**



**A** Good Assortment of Spectacles for  
persons of all ages may be found at the  
Store of the subscriber. Call and see.

H. WALTOS,  
146

Paris 11th, March 22, 1847.

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**Window Sashes.**

**500** LIGHTS of Double Lip 9 by 12 and 9 by 12  
double sash, extra quality, glazed and  
un glazed, for sale by  
**HUMPHREY & STERNES.**  
North Paris, April 8, 1848. 17 49

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**Sheet Iron!**

**R**USSIA and English Sheet Iron for sale at  
at the Old Store Stand of  
Wm. E. GOODNOW.  
Norway Village, Oct. 12, 1847. 17 42



